A

NEW ROSCIAD.

——MUSARUM ET APOLLONIS ÆDE RELICTA
DIFFICILE EST SATYRAM NON SCRIBERE——

JUV. SAT.

Edinburgh Sold at P. WILLIAMSON's Coffee-room in the Parliament-house. M DCC LXX.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A

NEW ROSCIAD,

For the Year MDCCLXX.

AWAKE my Muse, exert your ſkill,
Of Roscius ſing, and Play-houſe-hill,
For you by flight may reach the place,
Which coach, or chairman cannot face;
Then daſh away—nor ſpare to tell,
When play-houſe roſe, that playing fell.
No actors capital are there,
But ſtrollers, pick'd from far and near!
And now alas! too late we find
That Roscius' PROMISES WERE WIND.

Since

Since then but few, through cold and wet
Will trudge to ſee the ſtrolling ſet,
Devoid of favour or affection,
W ll analize the rare collection.

Begin then—and with def'rence due
Place firſt the M—G—R in view!
Look where he moves—a cumbrous beaſt!!
Drench'd with the ſyrups of the eaſt,
Poppy, mandragora,—and all
That ſoporiferous we call.
Like BEHEMOTH, he rolls along,
The mightieſt monſter of the throng!!
Conceal'd in fleſh his features lie,
And microſcopic ſearch defy;
While through a plenitude of face,
Concerted frowns ſupply their place,

And

And indiſcriminately move,
For rage, for terror, grief, or love.
In ſhort, to ſum his utmoſt ſkill,
You'll find him—*Vox preterea nil!*——

Next J——s—n comes—a liſtleſs thing!
Twanger of diſcord's jarring ſtring:
Alike untun'd for joys, or woes,
Croaking he comes, and croaking goes.
His ſtiff-ſet legs in ſtated track,
Take two ſteps forward, two ſteps back:
The arms, as ſteady to their truſt,
(Though ne'er accus'd of being juſt,)
Move by proportion, and degree,
In ſervile uniformity:
Nor can he e'er be ſaid to err,
If right, conſiſts in regular.

And now, behold with jerking head,
Pert K—— G, prepares the ſtage to tread;
In him, the emperor you ſee
Of high ſtrain'd ſharp monotony:
With hems--and haws--he clears his throat,
And chatt'ring parrot-like by rote,
Unfelt, unfeelingly goes on,
An univerſal uniſon!
The ſame in all, and ev'ry part,
To hurt the ear, not move the heart.

View B—S—T next---and be it granted,
He's ſtroller true as ever ranted;
Mark the buffoon'ry and grimace!--
He cuts a caper, makes a face;
And deſtitute of genuine merit,
Preſents us impudence for ſpirit!

Anxious

Anxious to hit the groundlings taſte,
By putting in his own low jeſt.
(A pitiful ambition this,
And merits the judicious hiſs:)
But B—s—T if applauſe you'd gain,
Stick to your mimic op'ra ſtrain.

What W—K—R ſhall be ſaid of thee?
We view with pleas'd anxiety!—
And own that nature gave thee ſkill,
To wear the hum'rous ſock at will,—
But good, and ill, promiſcuous grows,
And Nature, likewiſe gave a NOSE.

Who ſhall we make bring up the rear?
Why honeſt hearted L——S——E;

Whoſe

Whoſe placid looks, and laughing eye,
The manageric frown defy:
And through caprice, though he has been
Excluded often from the ſcene,
Still we may quaff his wine at home,
And crack our jeſt with ſocial Tom.

Now let the female flock advance—
And Madam J——s—n leads the dance;
A form when firſt it ſtrikes the eye,
That ſeems compos'd with ſymmetry;
But ſoon as motion's guiſe it wears,
The pleaſing ſemblance diſappears:
Stiff, and affected in her gait,
She ſteps by rule premeditate;
Forſaking eaſe, and native grace,
To ſtalk, the dupe of artifice:

Forc'd

Forc'd ſimp'ring ſmiles, the place ſupply,
Of what ſhould lighten in the eye;
Theſe, ſhe aſſiduouſly maintains,
Throughout THALIA's varying ſtrains:
And when MELPOMENE's ſoft lays,
Should melt the heart a thouſand ways,
A face inanimate we ſee!
A blank inſenſibility!
Yet calling to its aid a frown,
She whining whines, and ſtill whines on;
But ſtranger to each nicer art,
That joy, or anguiſh, can impart;
For theſe, 'tis meet that ſhe put in
The labour'd frown, and ſenſeleſs grin;
While rage and terror is expreſs'd,
By the ſtampt foot, and panting breaſt—

And Roscius tells her, by theſe rules,
She'll paſs upon Edina's fools.
But now we'll aim in ſtile laconic,
To celebrate her pow'rs harmonic;
And one ſhort line ſhall make all clear——
She ſings untun'd, for want of ear!
Thus, void of feeling forc'd to act,
Or ſinging, without ear exact,
Say, what can we infer but this?
Through ſong, or ſcene, 'tis hit or miſs.

Next K——g appears, with many a charm,
The critic's fury to diſarm;
Who can like her to joy beguile?
Fair queen of the continued ſmile!
Her teeth ſo even, cloſe, and white!
And then, to heighten our delight,

The

The jutting mouth, with copious pride,
Diſplays them all, from ſide to ſide!——
Her limbs too boaſt the charms of ſize,
To captivate admiring eyes!
COWLEY, would ſtile them CUPID's darts,
That give their wound in breeches parts,
With other ſimilies fantaſtic,
That haply here might ſeem ſarcaſtic;
But no invective to expreſs,
We'll cloſe the period, and confeſs
That where ſuch rare perfections grow,
No matter, if ſhe act or no.

With gentler touch, now ſtrike the lyre,
And pacify ſatyric ire——
Let muſic's charms make ſmooth the lay,
While T—Y—R's merit we diſplay:

Poſ-

Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry happy art,
To ſooth the ear, and touch the heart;
Of the judicious plaudit ſure,
She, the inchanting note can pour:
And though in ſpeech and geſture wrong,
T---Y---R is ſtill admir'd in ſong.

Now B---K---R we at laſt preſume,
To imp for thee, the MUSE's plume----
And yet, the verſe repugnance finds,
To rank thee with theſe heartleſs hinds,
And even faulters to relate,
The praiſe to thee, appropriate,
Or count the ſum of half thy merit,
Where judgment, feeling, ſenſe, and ſpirit,
With all their energy unite,
To fill the drama with delight.----

Per-

Perhaps, ſome little critic cries,
" The figure's bad---quite out of ſize!"---
And, through this medium, ſtrives, to aim
His pointed malice at thy fame.----
So, when the ſon of PELEUS, ſhed
Deſtruction upon ILIUM's head,
Invulnerate, through THETIS' art,
In ev'ry nobler, vital part,
Each petty archer tried his ſkill,
And ranc'rous, levell'd at his heel.

No further MUSE purſue your flight,
Nor draw the reſt, from ſhade, to light;
A worthleſs tribe, of no degree,
So paſs them---*ſine nomine*.

F I N I S.

Perhaps, some little critic cries,
" The figure's bad—quite out of size!"—
And, through this medium, strives, to aim
His pointed malice at thy fame.—
So, when the son of PELEUS, shed
Destruction upon ILIUM's head,
Invulnerate, through THETIS' art,
In ev'ry nobler, vital part,
Each petty archer tried his skill,
And ranc'rous, levell'd at his heel.

No further Muse, pursue your flight,
Not draw the reflection Stade, to light;
A worthless tribe, of no degree,
So pass them—*sine nomine*.

F I N I S.

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